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GEO. CLAPP,
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MISCELLANIES.

DER GEISTEIN.

...ness, even the motions of deep truth.
BARRY CORNWALL.

...is a world where, from the cradle to ...all is delusion; our senses cheat us; ...ourselves, that spreads its azure vault above ...; that beautiful variety of colours, ...variable the several parts of the ...ining the landscape around us, exists ...our own belief; nay! the existence of the ...on which we tread is not assumed to us. ...of delusion and error, even in ge... of truth and certainty; and whilst ...most things and denies few, ...are positive in their belief, and ...opinions; and should the phan... them daily, assume a stranger ...to note them, for fear the world ...the loud laugh of ignorance.

...Know the ...progress of which ...brothers of, or sisters ...pair to make others partake ...

The tale, that I am going to ...ve of this class. I shall tell it as it ..., neither attempting to heighten de... and extravagant, nor to escape ...ridiculary by softening them down, ...ce with the knowledge which man ..., the shallow knowledge, which ...of the infinite world wherein he is a ...

...that in pursuing a systematic in... nature of mind, according to a plan ...to agree best with the principles ...recognized in philosophy, I was ...ing mind as existing in connexi... ...to the construction of phe... ...ting pure, abstract, or unorganized ...the subject was a delicate one, the facts ...ance, and many of my feelings, my ...ly my anti-nursery prejudices obstruct... ...examination of such as could be ob... ...long habits of investigation have giv... ...considerable command over my prejudi... ...all the much research reposing the prob... ...nature of mental phenomena, where these ...delay have caused, I was led to a result—It ...what I—certainly not what I had ex... ...such as renders me less unwilling ...a case recorded in my note book. ...I will premise that in part I was myself ...and in part received my information ...

...which I made about two years ...through the Blue Ridge, riding alone, with... ...to rein, wherever a chance of grati... ...for natural scenery presented it... ...in a wild part of that extensive ...many miles from Charlottesville, there ..., for years abandoned to ..., had been once in great consider... ...I speak of days before the ...church was strong in its pow... ...in its endeavours to pre... ...that leaped into the fold. ...in design, and finish, was the ...pleasantness in all the tree... ...whilst the pastor, a man of ...character, seemed to have ...influence over the minds of ..., that in the lapse of nearly sixty ...has not yet become extinct. His tomb, ...grave, stands in the church ya... ...of the side aisle, and is yet perfect, ...is slumbering fast to decay. The ...in many places, given way, and the large ...shutter, an excellent imitation of Gothic, ...a single pane of glass, but the ...flower have usurped their ...in fantastic growth, the arti... ...to which they cling. Of all the ...which once adorned the garden, around ...grew wild; and sigh and wave ..., with murmurs, against the ...the opening they would ...The building is small, but be... ...and with some pretension to archi... ...it presents no striking a contrast to ...that serve as churches here, among ...villages we are distant, that I have ...remain so little known. The ...; and as this is the only place in ...where I have recognised that ...in Europe in the breasts of those who ...of religious sanctity, so is it a... ...to which such feelings seem the ...

...Sunday afternoon, in our delightful ...of the sky and the gentle ...an was alike congenial to medita... ...through dark solitary woods ...where the vine and the cle... ...the tops of the tallest trees, fell ...the ground, that I reached ...knoll on which the church is ...without seeing a house, or a ...and my home tired and warm amid ...to slake his thirst in a pure stream, that, brawling down the side of the mountain, was lost in the wooded depths below, whilst I, gazing on the beauty of the scene, felt repaid by it for a journey which had lasted from the dawn. But other thoughts began to arise;—I had ridden for hours without a path, but here all further progress seemed impossible. The spot, which stood high in the mountains, was enclosed, on three sides, with summits, whose waving outlines did not appear to present any opening, that could be passed on horseback; whilst their sides, remarkably steep and well wooded, seemed altogether inaccessible. On the west the view was less confined, but here, also, two remarkable hills, of different heights, each crowned with a slab inclined to, and overhanging, the base, a formation uncommon in these mountains, left merely narrow passes, leading to the Great, or Western Valley.

I cast a glance down each of these ravines, in hopes of tracing something like a path, but, as they appeared impracticable, I became fully persuaded, that the little valley into which I had thus strayed, must, for that night, prove my resting place, and, under this impression, began to examine it more closely. A sweeter spot, one more secluded or quiet, I had never fallen upon. I stood in the arena of an immense amphitheatre of chesnut and of oak; among the foliage of which, and especially among the scattered pines, that grew highest up the mountains, appeared great masses of grey stone. Forest poplars, sycamores, and other trees of lively verdure, which the frost had already touched with yellow, grew more near at hand, and showed that moisture was abundant. The mountain forests around me were bright in the subdued light of the sun, and the valley below, that peeped through the vistas of which I have spoken was blue with mist. Beyond, a glittering a reflection from the Shenan... to the eye, the distance with a mellow ... singular appearance so well kno... as the Indian summer.

Here was a landscape after my own heart; the sycamores, that grew in a noble clump by me with their stems in patches of grey, of blue, and of light-brown, and leaves just mellowed from a green, gave the tone to the whole picture; and the richest coloring appeared where the subdued gleam, above mentioned, fell upon a few lingering trumpet flowers, that still adorned the window of the church.

The stream, which brawled by me, disposed the mind to a pleasing melancholy, and the leaves, that dropped minute by minute, in the surrounding forest, sounded through the still air like the voice of nature audibly noting the lapse of time. It was the whisper of the forest—that the summer was done, that the shrill signals, the tree frog, and the sawyer had fled, and that silence had come to reign in the depths of its solitude again. I repeated in an under tone stanzas that came unasked to the memory; and there, on that green sunny knoll, I seemed alone in a deserted world where grass had overgrown the footsteps of man; and the bird of the forest had built, undisturbed, upon the altar of his God; but I was mistaken; a partner in the joys and sorrows of our nature was close at hand, for, on turning round my head towards the church, I saw a stranger sitting quietly by the door within a dozen yards of me.

He was a thin old man whose features bore the appearance of long exposure to the weather.—His head, neck and feet were bare: trowsers of deer skin, with the hair outward, came down to the calves of his legs, and were sustained by a rough leather brace, which passed over the shoulder next to the skin. For all upper garments he wore a short frock of coarse striped cotton,—made shirt fashion, and reaching to his middle: the open breast showed both the brace above mentioned and an abundance of rough grizzled hair, which growing upon a bosom of a dark red, seemed not unlike the deer skin that he wore. His long, thin, withered neck resembled that of the terapin. His cheeks were loose and wasted, his beard ragged, and his small grey eyes had sunk far under their long, white, scattered brows. The crown of his head was perfectly bare and smooth, but at the sides, the hair, which mingled together, white, black, and grey, was peculiarly thick, and hanging down, over his shoulders, gave a still more unearthly aspect to this strange figure.

It was singular, that, although dwelling apparently remote from strangers, the old man did not take the slightest notice of me, but remained with his eyes fixed in a quiet dreamy gaze upon a spot within a few yards, without appearing conscious that I was near.

I advanced towards him, and, expressing my own opinion respecting the beauty of the spot, added, "you seem by the seat which you have chosen, to enjoy both the warmth and the prospect." Whilst I continued speaking, the stranger never once removed his eyes from the place on which they were gazing with a singular mixture of earnestness and absence of mind; but when I had concluded he quietly turned his long, withered neck partly towards me, and without looking me in the face, asked a question in his turn, so singularly foreign to the one that I had addressed, that it was with some difficulty I could refrain from laughing, though the grandeur of the scene, and the age and loneliness of the stranger being I found in it some little in unison with "mirth."—"Have you got," he uttered, in a low, thin, solemn voice, "have you got any grapes?" I did not know at first how to answer to odd a question; but, recollecting that there were abundances of wild grapes in the valley below, and that during the whole day, I had seen nothing else which could serve as human food, I concluded that the old man was a recluse of the mountains, whose benefactor was, for the season, grapes. "Are you hungry my friend?" He turned his head in the same quiet manner, and uttered in the same low, solemn tone, "I am very hungry;" and then resumed his musing attitude. "There are plenty of grapes below, are you tired?" He turned his head, "I am very tired." "Well then, rest here and in five minutes, you shall have some grapes;" and mounting my horse, in little more than the time mentioned, I was deep in nature's vineyard. I returned laden with grapes; and handing the greater part to the old man, sat down and ate beside him. Not a word or a look disturbed his repast, until, having eaten near a dozen pounds, the fresh edge of his hunger somewhat removed, and eyeing me gradually from head to foot, he said in his thin, quiet, tone, "You'll be come from below I reckon." "Yes, from below side water;" and recollecting that there was some hard tea biscuit, in my valise, I handed a piece to him; he turned it over from side to side, and, after looking at it for some time, returned it, observing,—"that he bread I reckon."

"Why yes, my friend, do you not know bread."

"It be two score and two years since I have seen bread, and they made it a deal softer in my time."

"Two and forty years since you have seen bread! and how in the name of wonder have you lived then?"

"As the Israelites in the desert; the Lord fed me."

We were soon in full conversation; for the old man, though solemn and slow in speech and dreamy in his action and his look, did not fail to answer the questions that I put to him, wandering, it is true, at times, from the direct road, and occasionally using words I did not understand—ancient provincialisms, probably which may now be forgotten.

Whilst he was speaking I observed a habit, not uncommon to solemn old men, that not only the lower jaw moved but the upper, and the whole head, moved with it; passing, at the same time, from front to flank with that sidelong motion I have mentioned, for he still, at intervals, kept his eye bent on vacancy after the manner of those who are said ... gifted with second sight.

It is a singular ... in human nature, that the propensity to imitation should be strong even in us to adapt our very thoughts and opinions, in some measure, to those whom we converse with, though only for a few minutes. In a short time I was perfectly at home with this old man; I understood his humors, and was almost a recluse myself. He made his abode, it appeared, in the church when the weather was cold and stormy, but in summer, the whole extent of the Ridge was his home, and he slept where heaven pleased. We spoke of the clergyman whose tomb was within. The recluse remembered him, and recounted some singular anecdotes of this extraordinary person which were new to me. In another age and country he would, undoubtedly, have been one of those rare characters who move at pleasure the springs of society, and who thoroughly understanding others, are never themselves well understood. His actions appear to have been always good, and yet all dreaded him. He sacrificed his interest; he devoted his life to the good of mankind, still to man individually he was harsh and stern, and though never unjust, he often hardened upon cruelty. It is the tradition, that, although feared and respected by those who dwelt near, they liked not to be alone with him in his dwelling, and this awe has been transmitted to their descendants; for I am told, few will venture alone by day, and none by night, to visit the narrow house wherein he now reposes. Whence is this dread? is it prejudice—habit—fancy—any or all of these? I cannot tell, but brave or timid, wise or foolish, all have felt, in their turn, the influence of such impressions, and philosophy has yet to record the fact that an impression so general, as false it is said, should notwithstanding have been so badly explained! But, however, let me relate a fact, which happened on this occasion to myself, and for the truth of which my honor stands pledged; neither can I be mistaken as to the details, for they were too clear, and of a nature too well calculated to make an indelible impression.

Near the spot where we were talking stood the decayed trunk of a large sycamore; it had been a magnificent tree, spreading out its branches wide enough, some centuries ago, for a tribe of Indians to have danced under its shade. Such, the old man told me, had really been the case, and, moreover, that they had danced to the groans of a white man, bound, bleeding and mangled by their barbarous practices to its trunk; in proof whereof he appealed to some singular looking bumps, bearing a striking resemblance to the figures of a tortoise, a tomahawk, and a scalp, which were said to have been carved on that occasion. It was this story that first drew my attention to the tree, grand even in its ruins; for only a few of the branches remained, and there was not a leaf or a remnant of the outer bark to be seen; but bare and white, it stood glistening in the light of the moon, for it was now night—like some huge spectre in its winding sheet; or, to keep even fancy within the bounds of reason, like a vast monument erected to commemorate the blood that had been spilt there. Upon the top of the tree, was perched an owl whose staring eyes, at intervals they caught the moonbeams, were lit up with a fiery lustre.

I had been flattering the old man upon the vigor with which he resisted the hand of time, and concluded with bantering him upon his courage, in daring to be the companion of a being so terrific as the ghost of the deceased rector. He shook his head very solemnly, and pointing to the tree, "when I first came here, it be two score and two years this night, those trees looked to me as the trees which I had seen by a river in the West; it is a large river and the trees there be large trees, but there was no tree like that tree. The top be smote from it and the branches be gone, but it was a large tree now. The day that I came here the lightning struck it and smote off the top, and strewed the branches on the ground—that the tree withered and died. And surely I said it is a sign that the wrath of heaven is nigh us too, and that I shall wither as that tree; and truly the summer hath dried in my bones, as the sap left the trunk which is before us, for it be ten years last gone gone, that thanksgivin took my vigor from me, and since the tree had a green spot, and it dried up because the rain came not, and I may have thought,—and one may have said to me, dust I turned as it perish, and where it falls it shall lay, when that my misery is well nigh done."

"And who, my friend, told you this?"

"We walk and we think that we be alone, for we see no one, but sight is not in the humors of the eye, nor motion in the sinews of the arm—they be of the soul which no man seeth. There may be one which you know not that sitteth now by you, and I wot you will not know that he be there."

As he said this the owl gave a low melancholy hoot-to-who-o-oo—It is an unpleasant note, that of the owl! Brave as I believed myself, it made my blood run cold and thought ashamed of betraying fear, even to myself, I involuntarily turned my eyes in the direction indicated; such was the effect of fancy, that, for a second or two I really imagined I saw a gray, evanescent, vaporish figure, like a corpse in a shroud, sitting at my elbow; but the impression was the slightest possible, and when I turned fairly to the spot, it vanished, leaving nothing for my eyes to rest on but the clear dew upon the grass, and the chequered glade of the honey locust, whose light leaves trembled in the night wind.

Thus strong is fancy, for fancy, even then, I believed it to be, and turned quickly, lest the old man should perceive, and laugh at my weakness. But on this last subject at least I had no cause for apprehension; for, when I looked at my companion, his eyes were fixed in the direction in which I had first observed them, and with the same air of deep, quiet, abstraction. I doubt if he even remembered that I was near him; but the owl again stole upon the silence with its low tremulous to-who-o-o, the warning note...so in my times said ... danger. ... grew more weak, his head was wagging to and fro, and his hand catching at the long grass, and moving about in it with all the uncertainty of infancy.

Even solitude is less unpleasant than being in a lonely place with an extremely old person; their very childishness is at times appalling, they have all the ghastliness of death, and only enough of life to shew its infirmities. Perhaps it might be some feeling of this kind that oppressed me and made me less willing to spend the night where I was, but I colored the matter otherwise to myself, and determined to seek the valley at any risk, rather than remain in the chill air of that elevated region. I rose and inquiring after the nearest house, offered to take the old man behind me to some neighbor where he might sit by a cheerful fire, and be attended as his age required.

"There be no neighbors here," was his reply, "and for me, my assignment be these mountains; but you may leave us without hurt."

The plural number did not pass unnoticed, but I began to think the old man disordered in his mind, and was leaving him with little ceremony when he raised his tall, thin form, bent into a bow with age, and, supporting himself by placing one hand upon my shoulder, fumbled with the other in his pocket, or leather pouch, and, producing a tarnished tin box, placed it in my hand. Even this little exertion seemed to exhaust him, and for a moment, he leant both hands upon my shoulders, appeared to recline upon me his whole weight, but it was scarcely to be felt, so much had age and famine worn him. Then, placing his hand across his brow, he gazed upon the surrounding scene, as one who takes his leave of a well known spot. Long and earnestly his tremulous glance looked out upon the wide horizon, and up into the clear grey sky, and toward the mountain tops, where many vapours were gathered, and came streaming slowly towards us; he pointed this out to me, and, with a low sigh—sinking his eyes—rested again for a moment. Then tapping the tin box with his long skinny finger, "there be that in this box," he said, "which I would fain have spoken of, but I feel that my time be come;" he would have said more, but at this moment the owl uttered an unearthly shriek; a rushing sound filled the air; I was sensible that the earth trembled; a crash; a noise as of thunder burst upon me, and before I could recover my astonishment clouds of dust were driven in my face. Such occurrences at such a moment might well appal the bravest, yet they worked less upon my nerves than fancy had probably done a few moments before. Then all was uncertain and obscure, but now some terrible danger seemed certainly at hand, and, rousing my mind, I turned boldly and collectively to examine its nature and extent.

Both were soon explained; the sycamore; the old ghost-like tree, was gone! Pressed by the weight of an enormous branch it parted at the root; fell, and was driven into mere dust. In a moment the equilibrium, and with it the existence of the tree had ceased. Though apparently sound, a mere shell, so entire was the decay, a mere shell had for years sustained this patriarch of the forest; and once fallen, scarce a vestige of it remained. In all this, indeed, there was nothing extraordinary; such trees growing in secluded places, where the earth is never shaken, and the wind cannot be felt, will stand until the disintegration is completed, and the trunk parts and is annihilated by its mere weight. It was not the accident that I thought unnecessary, but it seemed to me extraordinary, that it should occur just then! I looked to see if the trees of the forest were shaken by the breeze, but their leaves hung mute and still; the grey sky was cloudless, and beneath the cold light of the moon, I could see nothing stirring but these thin wreaths of vapour, which, slowly streaming from every peak, were gathering above our heads.

I turned to the old man, and his appearance at once terminated all my consideration. Already he was half way to the ground, and, supporting himself with one hand against the trunk of one of those numerous ruins, so to leave him. As he pressed forward with an uniform but hurried step, I heard him mutter at every ... but whether this was spoken to himself or addressed to me, I could not distinguish. I was about to offer my assistance, which perhaps, darkness assisted, I might have rendered unavailing, however, short, assisted by the singular ... which, pressed near me, I felt an unpleasant and feverish shiver. This was increased by the gloom and cold, that the silent thought with them, for they were gathered chiefly above the chapel before the old man had entered it. As he did so, the gloom became darker, a momentary gust shook the tremulous leaves, the dust of the fallen tree was driven high into the air, and scattered to the four quarters of the heaven—the white columns, as the ... crept off to the north and the south, to the east and the west, assuming to my heated imagination the form of vast phantoms, whilst long shrouds ... streamed on the air behind them.

But to proceed with facts only; when, after a few minutes, my usual self-possession returned, I proceeded, with noiseless steps, towards a slope, which, rising close to a ruined window of the chapel, enabled me to observe the interior. It was in so decayed a condition, that where the light of the moon penetrated the thick cloud which hovered above the roof, the rents and fissures were plainly seen; the pews were decayed, the windows broken, and, with one remarkable exception, every part seemed verging fast to dissolution. Such was the building; of its tenants I can give a less satisfactory account; for as the greater part of the chapel lay in shade many persons might have been there without my seeing them. The pulpit and a portion of the middle aisle were strikingly illuminated by a stream that from below the cloud streamed through the western window. This scene was heightened by the figure of the old man, who in an attitude of the humblest devotion knelt in the illuminated portion of the aisle. Here were the elements of a noble picture! a partial ... shining upon the ... desk and pulpit be... ... kneeling figure, upheld by rude and grotesque images. Any where these would have had a powerful influence, but, in the wilds of a deserted forest, the effect was wonderful! My eye stole towards the pulpit, as if I feared to see the grim old rector there; it was empty, but exhibited a degree of preservation, which I could by no means account for. Formed of richly carved oak; its massy pillars sustained a fantastic sounding board; whereon was a device that carried the mind back half a century; the Holy Bible supporting the crown and sceptre of Great Britain! Both on the pulpit and the reading desk were folded cushions of crimson velvet; and, what engaged my attention most, upon the latter lay a massy Bible, vellum bound, and clasped with silver; a prayer book similar in both respects lay open, near it.—By the time I had made these remarks the damp of the vapors became a piercing cold; there was a dull, heavy moaning sound in the depths of the forest; the light of the setting moon became obscured by the vapor, and assumed the hue of copper; a sensation of fear, like the chill of death, crept through my frame. I fixed my eyes upon the prayer book, its leaves were fluttering in the air, their sound was audible; I saw great masses of the volume move, and the long ribbons rise and fall within them; may the pages were smoothed down as if by an invisible hand. There would be no mistake in all this, for the light shone strongly upon the spot; and I could even see the long tendrils, which waved in the ruined window, playing to and fro upon the desk; and the desk, where the reader should have been.

At the sight of such strange things the blood in every vein gushed back in torrents to the heart; I felt breathless and choking, and my recollection began to fail me. But, presently, when a voice from the reading desk, deep, distinct, and full, began those impressive words ... "he that worketh iniquity, he that walketh unrighteously, he that worketh wickedness, which he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." My courage altogether forsook me, I got away I know not how, but more swiftly than I had come there, mounted my horse, and dashed down the rugged side of the hill as chance directed.

There were about remains of a path, but the grass and the weather were covering them; the boughs, which must have not disturbed for years, clung about me; the bright day dashed in my face; the owl sprang from his limb; the blackbird was my house, that the swift bat began to wheel, and shrinking to an object fell and died. Another enemy was in my path, I saw this exposed by the light that the horse struck from a stone; I heard its rattle, but my bloody spur was only pressed more deeply in my horse's side; the poor animal trembled as a child, and nearly frantic, dashed into the forest through the rugged branches that tore me, and over rocks where every bound seemed death; I thought of the one object, the measure of my fear was full, and images of death in any common shape were as subjects in my path.

At the distance of something more than a mile, and on the summit of a very high hill my horse struck his hoof against a stone and fell; his strength was exhausted, and he lay panting upon the ground, incapable of further flight. By this time the first burst of my terror had passed away, and I turned to look upon the scene behind me; it was calm and beautiful; and, lighted by the last rays of the moon, showed one of the most lovely spots I had ever beheld; the cloud, the cold gloomy mist that hung over the chapel, appeared now, merely one of those light, silver grey clouds, so common in those mountains. Nay, most strangely, the sweet smile of that moon intensely soothed my feelings, as they only that smile terrible powers are the best qualified for their own poison. I judged, by this, that my senses were sufficiently calm, and, in truth, I had no appearance, fancy, of terror to a stranger or traveller; neither could I imagine how, otherwise, it could be so immediately relieved; the impression of danger was gone, I remained nearly, and still, as I finished look upon that forest, the terrors of which, the feelings of which were visible through the transparent shade around it, nothing beyond a slight murmur of pines, and a occasional ... which, it occurred to me, might ... with moisture.

The impression which my blood had taken was my own property, for my horse, after grazing a little and drinking at a stream, which a slight breeze blew from the chapel, I could hear quite distinctly—as if the old man chanted a psalm, and those tones, my blood quieted when I found it, alone were not alone, or that deep music came from

he pulpit bore a part in the burden." Towards morning I fell asleep, and, enhanced with the events of the preceding night, did not wake until the sun shone high in the heavens. The day was so clear, that the eye could distinguish the sharp vertical ridges, which, streaking the sides of the North Mountain, tell at twenty miles distance that it is of limestone. "Yonder, said I, know a bright spot, like a star rising from the forest, to be your University, there just built and more than thirty miles off, but the reflection from its dome extends to a great distance.

With the bright day around us, and time to arrange our thoughts, ghosts lose their terrors; the ideas, suggested continually by objects that are familiar to us, repulse, as it were, the notions of facts contrary to our experience, and the mind assumes a state of sturdy incredulity. It is thus in all similar cases. Were we for example to meet a friend of whose honor and easy circumstances we had daily experience, as a midnight robber upon a lonely heath of night; there becomes certain of his identity, but let the next meeting occur shortly after, amid the splendor of a ball room, where our common friends delighted to honor the very man with the homage which we had seen him for years receive; and those to whom such a case has never occurred can barely conceive the mental struggle that it creates. A conflict of this kind, agitated my mind when I awoke. I recollected the events of the night, but well nigh believed that I had dreamed them. To examine further how this might be I mounted my horse, whose damage was not great, and rode towards the chapel. Here and there I recognised objects I had passed in my precipitous flight, but they appeared under a different point of view; rocks which I had leaped as mere stones in my path, when examined soberly, appeared precipitous cliffs often near a dozen feet high, and had not the prints of my horse's hoofs among the stones and broken [illegible] the leap, I should have thought it any chance of safety. It [illegible] been taken with along the edge of a precipice which sank down as a wall for more than forty feet, the hoof of my horse had broken the edge, and struck down the grass which overgrew it. A single inch nearer had carried us both into eternity, and yet, this cliff, which I must have seen, was but very feebly impressed upon my memory. At the lonely little knoll, on which the chapel stood, all was peace and gladness. The swift stream sparkled in the morning sun; the cardinal bird, as if proud of his gay plumage, red, white, and black, hopped from bough to bough, and shook down the glittering drops, which the mist had distilled there; the painted woodpecker, the blows of whose beak resounded through the forest, ran vertically up the naked trunks of those trees, which the lightning or old age had rendered a fit abode for its food, the thrush and the mocking bird vied in expressing their happiness, and the plaintive voice of the dove was heard in the distant woods below. It was a spot which we might imagine fairies to choose for their revels, but appeared wholly out of keeping with any darker superstition.

I dismounted from my horse, took with me the bunches of grapes which I had gathered for the old man's breakfast, and with a light heart, and an indefinite feeling of curiosity, entered the chapel. He was still kneeling.—In the centre of the aisle where I had left the old man when that stern voice from the dusk had withered my strength as the voice of the last trumpet, there still he knelt and in the same humble attitude of prayer. I advanced—I addressed him; I touched the kneeling hermit,—Good Heaven! it was his corpse! The appearance of deep, awful devotion was still upon his features and fixed them in the rigid character of death. Though I had partly foreboded this, the certainty felt shocking:—a feeling of awe crept over me and I had little inclination to examine the building with the accuracy I had previously contemplated. One thing I observed, the Bible and prayer book were still upon the desk, but they were closed, and fastened with their massy clasps.

During the course of that day I found, after travelling several miles, a human habitation. The man, by whom it was inhabited, cultivated a few rugged acres upon the slope of a mountain. He had heard of the recluse, and seen him at times travelling far off, among the most inaccessible parts of this wilderness. Of his history he knew nothing more than that he had been there beyond the memory of man, and was supposed to have kept the chapel in the degree of preservation which some parts of it exhibited, "nay," added my informant, "I have heard some of our mountain folks here, over a stiff glass of gin sling, of a winter's evening, at the court house, swear that they had seen the ghost of the old rector, a thin vaporish figure." (a shudder involuntarily ran through me) "sitting by the side of the old man, in the clear moonshine by the church porch. But that you know might be fancy?" Whatever my private opinion upon the subject was, I said nothing. I merely told my informant, in general terms, that I had found the old man dead in the church, and he readily agreed to go with me and commit the body to the earth.

We dug his grave in the chancel where he knelt; but the death beaker upon the rock, and it was midnight before our task was completed.

At that solemn hour we placed the body in the ground, amid the low bowings of owls, which seemed to ask and answer strange and mysterious questions. Once, as we lowered the corpse to its last home, the toll of a distant bell sounded upon the breeze. Once, as the earth first dropped upon the coffin—a loud—deep sigh filled us with momentary terror. But, these excepted, neither sight nor sound disturbed the melancholy duty.

"The chill of that chapel goes through one," said my companion, as we returned, "it ain't a natural cold, my teeth chattered when I threw the earth on the old fellow, as the dead were standing beside me. I'm bothered if th' arm o' the side where that sigh came from ain't got the rheumatiz yet! I say my friend I'm thinking if the rector takes a liking to another chap—his won't quick me for the sexton. Let the dead bury the dead." Here our colloquy ended.

Whatever might be the cause, my visit to the mountains was followed by a fever that kept me in a state of delirium for more than a week; during this time my mind was haunted by the most extravagant fancies, all bearing upon the strange events to which I had been witness. I shall not fatigue the reader with these dreams. To record facts, and facts alone, has been my constant object, and, this accomplished, I shall conclude a tale already too long. Whether I am ever to resume it must depend more upon ability than my will; should the pages that I have written meet with the belief that they deserve, it may induce me to make public the history contained in the box of the recluse. A story told in a simple and unaffected manner, but which proved to me fields of the deepest interest. The facility with which the most atrocious guilt arose out of weaknesses from which the best are not exempt; the unadorned picture of female excellence, tried to the extreme by that slow suffering which wears away the heart, pressed to me, that the tale was drawn from memory. Of the chief feature of the narrative; the vision—warning—fact—by whatever name we are to call it, I shall only remark,—that it is probably as terrific as any thing that ever occurred to man.

Virginia Lit. Museum.

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

Widow. Will you stay, gentlemen?
A glass of beef tea, a cold capon, that's all.
You know you're welcome.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 20, 1826.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Ladies' Magazine. Nathan Hale, the Revolutionary Martyr.—In the September number of the Ladies' Magazine are some beautiful verses commemorative of the heroism and devotion of this gallant youth, who had the courage to venture into the British camp in disguise, for the purpose of getting intelligence of their force and designs, and was apprehended and executed by order of Sir William Howe. A quotation is made from Hannah Adams's History of New-England, in these words.

"To the memory of Andre, England has erected a magnificent monument, and bestowed upon his family high honors and liberal rewards.

"To the memory of Hale, not a stone has been from obliv[illegible] inscription to preserve his name

And Neal, in the last Yankee, [illegible] the verses above alluded to, remarks.

"We are glad to see something said here of Hale—Nathan Hale, the honest, brave and youthful martyr of the revolution, who died more like a hero than Major Andre did, for he was beleaguered by scoffing, Andre with pitying enemies. Like Andre he perished on the scaffold, but he has been forgotten, while Andre has been celebrated and lamented by all America. * * * Hannah Adams, the author of Brother Jonathan, (Neal), the Galaxy, G. Mellen, and Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, are now the only persons that have ever named this martyr, and they have done it in the order they are named."

We must correct an error in the above observations. Dr. Dwight has embalmed the memory of Hale in the following beautiful passage of his Conquest of Canaan.

"Thus, while fond Virtue wish'd in vain to save,
Hale, bright and generous, found a hapless grave.
With gentlest [illegible] closed his [illegible],
And science cheer'd him to her sweet shade:
In worth's fair path his first adventure'd flew;
The pride of parents, the rising grace of war;
In duty firm, in danger calm as even,
To friends unchanging, and sincere to heaven.
How short his course, the prize how early won!
While weeping Friendship mourns her favorite gone."

The Pearl. Mr. Ash, of Philadelphia, has published an exceedingly pretty Souvenir for children. It is furnished with contributions from Mrs. Child, of this city, Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Mrs. Wells, of Windsor, and other ladies and gentlemen. Two of the plates which accompany this work are elegantly engraved:—We refer to Westall's picture of the beautiful mother, sporting on a broad and sunny lawn with her infant boy,—his countenance full of frolic and roguery,—supported on her shoulder; and to another production by Neagle, from a painting of De la Roche, representing a violent storm. The other plates are indifferently executed.

THE THEATRE.

Mr. Cooper's short engagement of three nights, brought crowded audiences to the house. His performance of *Damon*, in Shee's tragedy, on Thursday evening, was distinguished by a certain degree of correct taste, but can hardly be set down as one of his happiest efforts. It was under a peculiar disadvantage that this was attempted by Mr. Cooper.

Forrest has so identified himself with the character, and is so closely associated with our ideas of it, that we cannot avoid being struck with the contrast which the performance of the part by Cooper bears to that of his youthful rival. The truth is, Forrest is better fitted for the character, inasmuch as it demands an energy and intensity of physical effort which the somewhat impaired frame of Mr. Cooper cannot supply with that ready ease and promptness the perfect representation of the part requires. There are several points in which Cooper shows a happier conception of the character than Forrest, but in general he is the inferior of the latter in spirit and pathos.

On Friday evening, at his Benefit, he appeared as the *Stranger*, in Kotzebue's play of that name, on which occasion he had the powerful assistance of Mrs. Duff. This is a stock play, and a very popular one, yet we are disposed to regard it as very little creditable to the author as the worst of the dramatic junk which it exhibits. With all its popularity, it is a very awkward thing, most clumsily put together, and only redeemed by one or two high-wrought scenes of pathos; the well-sustained and energetic personation of these parts by good performers, rather than its own merits, have kept the piece upon the stage. It has little incident or dramatic development of plot, and goes on for the most part by narrative and dialogue,—a most bungling and barbarous way of conducting a dramatic piece, which causes it to drag and limp along in a manner quite unpleasant to those who are so nice in their taste for the drama as to wish to see a play *acted* and not *narrated*.

Mr. Cooper did himself credit in the character of *The Stranger*, although it is a part not by any means calculated to exhibit his powers in a very strong light, and one, moreover, with which he is less familiar than almost any other character of importance which he has sustained.

Mrs. Duff greets us with her presence on occasions few and far between, in male dramas, for the most part, (*The Stranger*, too is hardly more than a male drama,) throwing away her noble powers upon performances of quite a different stamp from those of *Desdemona* and *Cordelia*.—Her personation of *Mrs. Haller* in *The Stranger*, was a powerful effort, and we cannot but allow was eminently touching. Her *Calanthe* in *Damon and Pythias* was a chaste and well-studied piece of acting, but rather deficient in general effect.

On Monday evening Miss Rock appeared for the first time this season. She made her debut in the character of *Lady Bell* in the comedy of *Know your own Mind*, and has since performed *Juliana* in *The Honey Moon*, and *Betty Finnikin* in the farce of *Gretna Green*. She plays with a good deal of liveliness and discrimination and draws tolerable houses.

Mr. Wilson sustained the character of *Duke Aranza* in *The Honey Moon* very respectably.—It was one of the best pieces of acting which he has yet exhibited, and altogether free from the most prominent defects which characterize his performances. Except some parts of his *Doctor Cantwell* in *The Hypocrite*, we do not recollect any thing of his [illegible] better pleased [illegible] his *Duke Aranza*.

Fencing. Among the accomplishments which give a finish to the education of a gentleman, there is no one more interesting in the acquirement and more beneficial in its effects, than a use of that neatest of weapons, the small sword. The practice of it lends grace to the attitudes of the body, gives us confidence in the movements of the limbs individually, entirely obviates that awkward feeling which the attempt at properly disposing of them often occasions and exercises the different parts of the frame with most admirable uniformity.

We are surprised to find that a most excellent teacher,—Mr. Albert Jamel,—once an officer in the French army, and still an adroit swordsman, who has for some weeks had a room open for the reception of pupils, has yet been called on by but few individuals. We presume the public are not generally aware that they can now have access to the best fencing school ever opened in Boston, where, in a short time, a good knowledge of the most approved method of handling the foil may be obtained.

Foreign News. The sum total of the intelligence which has been received from the seat of war in the East, is as follows:—1. Negociations were opened on the 1st of September, at the head quarters of the Russian General, (then at Adrianople,) between the Plenipotentiaries of Russia and those of the Ottoman Porte. 2. On the 3d of September those negociations were *suspended*, but not *broken off*,—the Turkish Plenipotentiaries having obtained a delay for the purpose of consulting their Government on one point of the treaty. 3. The delay granted by the Russian General would expire on the 14th September. 4. Notwithstanding all this, the march of the Russians *had not been suspended*, and according to accounts from Constantinople of Sept. 5th, their advanced posts were within 10 or 15 French miles of that capital.

The point in question by the Turkish plenipotentiaries was the indemnity demanded by Nicholas, which is fixed at 25 millions of silver roubles, about £4,000,000.

From our neighbors at Tampico, we have information that the famous Spanish expedition of 3000 men, which was to capture Mexico without a single stroke of the sword,—has been entirely discomfited. Gen. Barradas capitulated to Santa Anna on the 12th of Sept. The conditions are such, that the Spaniards are to retain their standards and arms, and receive a safe conduct to Havana. Five actions took place before the capitulation. The sick and wounded, to the number of 1500, to be at the expense of the Mexican Government, and after their recovery conveyed to Havana.

We consider the humor of the following letter written by an English traveller, as quite sufficient to counterbalance the ill nature of the satirical parts. Such exaggerated pictures of manners and language observable only in the lowest classes of the community can do us no harm. For our own part we find much food for laughter in these broad caricatures.

THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

[illegible] PARROTT TO HIS AMERICAN PAPOOS.

Whenever fate relents, his heavy scourge to lighten,
A journey from Bloomsbury's fair, Cheapside, or Brighton,
And dost Monsieur pleasantly contrive to threaten,
&c. including voyage, nine miles per hour,
Must cross the whole ocean, from tenderest to cute,
From freshness to blood-curdl, to unfeasants.
If Bostonians handle "the cream of the still;"
If tourtiere, the lord's-provision, smokes up still;
If oysters are proffered the slightest contriver
Are through persuasion to [illegible] to feed the lobbers,
To them the lemon beggar first takes off his hat,
To them the sprucest landlady labours to chat,
The barmaid at Cockfield, apparell'd in white,
To them first curtsying, "What's you please to slight?"
While from the stage-coach, by the lobbers, each man
Gets down as he pleases—that is as he can.

Ah! Jerry! how rather a prospect engages
The night who ascends our American stages!
The coachman (I should say "the driver") takes easy
To ale, as he ought, cheek by jowl with the fare.
No springs prop the body; the sides of the coach
Are open to let any wake-winds approach.
The roof is supported by six wooden shanks,
The passengers sit upon plain wooden planks,
And the horses, quite shrilly, hops down their jumps,
To let me in, clambering over their rumps.
Your bowling-green coach, water'd well by wantons,
Are merely constructed for safety and ease;
You "run on the rail," as decidedly dry,
You are puzzled to know if you ride, swim, or fly.
How different our practice! here Nature displays
Her steepest of cliffs, and her roughest of ways.
O'er pebbles like rocks, and o'er Brobdignag logs,
The up-and-down vehicle swings, dives, and jogs.
This never horse-breakerless, or more waste of labor,
It brings every man-Jack-o-tale with his neighbor,
And makes him, however at starting unwilling,
As smooth, are he pants, as a George the Third shilling.

We dined on the road upon joints of boiled yam,
Beef, apple pie, cabbage, potatoes, and ham.
A man in a corner ate beef and hard radishes;
I told him I reckon'd his roots rather hard-ishes.
"Reads!" answer'd the sage, "eaten a month and a squash,
"I guess we had rather have no roots at all.
"When first they went dog, we were mightily roll'd
"The President's sport, I remember, we spoil'd:
"We bore off his flagpole, hand-barrow, and dray,
"And took off by night what he hold on by day.
"You don't seem to answer me, Mister; anyhap
"You're strange in these parts; a new sole-eater chap;
"Where d'ye keep? What a flam! Oh, it is not yet tum'd;
"Have you been here a lengthy time, old one? How's land?"

These questions, I own, made me temper and examine:
I wish you would let me have Cobbett on Grammar:
He lived in Long Island, and surely must teach
The English American's eight parts of speech.
Do send it me soon, for I feel at a loss ere I
[illegible] Webster's Columbian Glossary.
For want of [illegible] I sigh when I miss
The wit that is lock'd up in [illegible]
"What [illegible] daughter's name?"—"Miss—
[illegible] dined?"
—"Yes, a crow fish."
"I've an hour of that."—"Aye!"—"I hope she's not *awful*."
"Is your son his own *boss*?"—"Yes, he keeps by that hedge."
"How's his health?"—"Mighty *genteel*, and his spirits are *hedge!*
"He bought his own store by an elegant trick,
"At a *keg*."—"How's his hen 'mean?"—"Progressively *chick*."
"Tom's done up, I guess; but he wa'n't much to blame."
"How's Billy?"—"Clear'd out."—"What an almighty shame!"
"I'll bet you a cent he recovers his station."
"Guess how much its owes me?"—"Ten dollars."—"Tarnation!"
"My tea is too weak; I can never see spry
"As when I've a cup of good tea,"—"No, marm."
"Ma'am, where does your young one hang out?"—"Doctor Tabb's.
"They put him last week in his slibs and his slibs
"They say the young chatter has got 'em by heart."
"Then he takes to his learning?"—"Yes, awfully smart."

What a pity it is, that your poor British cousin
Don't learn how to talk of our elegant matters,
These flowers of speech, and these graces of style,
Have not yet strown'd o'er to your desolate isle.
Deprived of a tutor to point out the wit
Of these sprightly sallies, dumb-founded I sit,
Like a Tooley street chark in the Opera pit!
Up and down, at an inn, while the mercantile throng
Are stretching their legs (much already too long,)
Like a cork in a mill-dam, I blubbery-bob it,
Without mast or rudder; so pray send me Cobbett.

You say that you're thinking to emigrate too,
And ask me to tell you what course to pursue:
I'll answer your question by questioning you.
But, Jerry, I pray, while you tarry, keep a hint;
I'm ruin'd if ever it goes into print.

Can you ride in a cart when the weather is foggy?
Can you get every night, not quite tipsy, but groggy?
If wet, at the fire of an inn can you fix
Round and round, to get dry, like a goose on a spit?
In telling a tale can you ponder and pause?
Can you spit thro' your teeth? Can you talk thro' your nose?
Can you sit out the second-hand tragical story
Of emigrant players discarded from Surry?
Can you place Post Barlow above Post Pope?
Can you wash at an inn, without towel or soap?
Can you shut either eye unbidden at leasure?
Can you make your whole library rule with black slavery?
Can you spit on the carpet and smoke a cigar?
If not, my dear Jeremy, stay where you are!

For the Galaxy and Mercury.

FRAGMENT FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

As Rome is the head quarters of the Catholic Kingdom, where the rites and the mummeries of that religion are the most rigidly observed, and its ceremonies are this week unusually fair, as the festivals and holidays, that it abounds, are to that city the most gay and crowding. The multitude of foreigners that press hastily along, much earlier than all the northern routes towards the south of Europe, is generally concentrated at Rome, during the eight last days of the Carnival season. The Russian nobility with their families, and trains of thirty carriages, who reach a respite from the debility of their own climates in the mild air of Italy; Germans natives with their youths; and swarms of long and lank Englishmen, with their wives and daughters, in the ungraceful costumes of their country, who relish no spirit the grasp of bailiffs, and the gangs of sharpers, are all huddled together, with the natives of the city, and with the handsome peasantry from the villages of Albano and Frascati, forming a heterogeneous mass of extraordinary qualities. Nothing was possibly omitted the gaiety and attraction that Rome promises during these days. Full license is then given to frolic and fun; all business is suspended, and every one is devoted to pleasure and amusement. The inhabitants even disclosure to foreigners themselves, in every manner, for the objection sometimes that is imposed by the government on their enjoyments the rest of the year. The shrewd and cunning Italians play off their satire and jokes on the grand and absurd John Bulls; the cold-blooded Germans open their wide mouths and talk about their quality eyes; the Frenchmen shrug and shrug their shoulders, while the fair Americans shut happen to be present, look on with all the curiosity and

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY

[illegible] in an occultation of a star, which [illegible] of the moon. In [illegible] at Baltimore will be occulted [illegible] same occultation; while [illegible] at Philadelphia [illegible] Boston.

[illegible] of Aldebaran, visible in the United [illegible] on the 5th of Jan. 1830. [illegible] evening, Nov. 15th, at 6h. 59m. P. M. [illegible] the moon will be very near the star [illegible] north of the moon. This [illegible] in the north west part of [illegible] Canada. X. Y.

BOSTON MERCURY.

"[illegible] merry and wise."—Old Song.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WOODEN LEG.

[illegible]

[illegible] of those unfortunate wights who have found [illegible] to call in the carpenter for the purpose [illegible] this mortal frame. I was born complete, as [illegible], and with a pair of as sturdy nether [illegible]. I scamped about merrily on both [illegible] my youth, never dreaming that I should [illegible] for the same peripatetical faculty, to [illegible].

[illegible] the last war with Great Britain, I served in our [illegible]. I was in many battles, but managed [illegible] the whole of the conflict to keep leed [illegible] out of me. I began to think myself bullet [illegible] a conjuror more valuable, as I soon [illegible] banks of Plattsburg by the help of a cannon [illegible] off my leg just below the knee. This [illegible] the beginning of the action, and I fell into the [illegible]. We got the victory at last, as is well [illegible] the British retreated, I was carried off [illegible] with some of their own wounded. I was [illegible] by the American returns "among the missing" [illegible] all imagined me dead.

[illegible] in the British hospitals I was sent [illegible] I met with a very ingenious French [illegible] fitted me with a new limb, so admirably [illegible] with springs and hinges, that after a short [illegible] found myself able to manage it with so much [illegible] with the world for the real bone [illegible] flesh of my flesh. I was sent home to [illegible], and received by my friends as one [illegible] dead. They little imagined on seeing me [illegible] that I had one foot in the grave.

[illegible] I might have claimed and received a pension [illegible] of my leg, yet I resolved to keep the matter [illegible] who would not? Nobody wishes to be pitied [illegible] when he can have the [illegible] No mortal of my [illegible] and a sham leg, and I was [illegible] to divulge the secret, but if I got [illegible] wooden skin even to scratch where it did [illegible].

[illegible] with which I have stuck to this deception [illegible] me into the oddest adventures. I was [illegible] on my fictitious limb, and to the astonishment [illegible] body walked home after it, without so [illegible] as a sprained ancle. I was bitten by [illegible] furiously in the same place, and every [illegible] that I should die, but I got well of the [illegible] them all. A cart wheel ran over my [illegible] it into a cocked hat; no one but admired [illegible] with which I bore the pain. Walking [illegible] with the Doctor, I stepped with one [illegible] in a puddle of water. The Doctor was [illegible] I should take cold in consequence of it, and [illegible] of kindly not coming off hoarse the next [illegible].

[illegible] limb of mine has sometimes brought [illegible] scrapes. I never shall forget how one [illegible] I hit one evening, when I had been [illegible] a certain foppish, conceited, [illegible] about the town; all this I did in the [illegible] two shins, whom I did not know to be [illegible] my friend Walter who sat [illegible] on in such a strain without [illegible] the blunder I was committing. "Why you [illegible]," said he to me, as soon as we [illegible] the vengeance prompted you to keep [illegible] when I was treading upon your [illegible] make you step?"

[illegible] very near being discovered, and [illegible] I escaped detection had the strangers [illegible] believe that the ghost of a wooden [illegible] or that by using my limb, I [illegible] his [illegible]? I will tell [illegible] it is seldom that a wooden leg has [illegible].

[illegible] evening I was walking homewards [illegible] the sidewalk was somewhat narrow [illegible] projected quite out to the [illegible] happened to be covered with a [illegible] walking over it I trod in the dark [illegible] and my foot broke through. It was [illegible] my endeavor to extricate it, the [illegible] and fell into the cellar!

[illegible] awkward situation for a fine gentleman [illegible]. There was no getting my lost leg out of [illegible], and to apply for help would discover [illegible] I had my walking-stick, and with the [illegible] a shift to hobble to my lodgings, where [illegible], thanks to the darkness and late [illegible]. But the difficulty was not over. I had [illegible] would make me such another; or, [illegible] the thing could not be effected without [illegible] days, and the story would infallibly [illegible] I do? I knew the house into [illegible] had stept, but was not upon the right [illegible] to trust him with the secret; this [illegible] of all; he was Joe [illegible] with whom I had been involved in a [illegible] an errant busy-body. In short [illegible] with the secret of a sham leg.

[illegible] of a method to get my leg [illegible] I saw plainly that my leg must be [illegible] or else the cat would be out of the bag [illegible] the foppish fellow mentioned [illegible] on whom I might with some [illegible] of following my lost limb; I had [illegible] with his sisters and two or three [illegible] acquaintance, by means of [illegible] of my timber toes, and I [illegible] upon him by means of the [illegible]. The plan was this,—to send [illegible] to Mr. Clackabout, requesting [illegible] Bobbleton, by which means I [illegible] without being suspected, and [illegible] for the superfluity of chin-bones in [illegible] as well as he was able.

[illegible] to admiration, and much better [illegible] the back to see a darkly [illegible] in the morning, and then I sent off [illegible] judge of the surprise and [illegible] Clackabout and his two sisters, as they sat at breakfast, when they received the following:—

"Mr. Bobbleton's compliments to Mr. Clackabout and requests he will have the goodness to dispatch him his leg by the bearer; it will be found in the cellar. Mr. B. hopes to be excused for stepping through Mr. C.'s cellar door last evening."

Nobody knew what to make of this strange epistle at first. One thought it a hoax, but on sending into the cellar to examine, the leg was found, sure enough, and the breach in the cellar door where the mis-step had been made. And then what a staring and wonderment there was among the Clackabouts at the discovery of Beau Bobbleton's artifice. Who would have thought it? they all exclaimed,—a tip-top dandy, a buck of the first water, an irresistible creature among the ladies, and yet, doing all this with a wooden leg! Oh! monstrous!

However, after a pretty close scrutiny of this unfortunate limb, it was delivered to Cuffy, who passed for Beau Bobbleton's servant, as no questions were asked, and my stray appendage was brought to me without any discovery being made. Now was Richard himself again; but Beau Bobbleton absolutely beside himself. Mr. Clackabout chanced to meet him the same forenoon, and wished him joy on the recovery of his leg! Beau replied that his leg had never been ill.

"Not ill, to be sure," said Mr. Clackabout, "but terribly out of joint."

"Out of joint! out of joint, sir! what do you mean?"

"Oh! I don't mean that it was hurt in breaking through the cellar door; indeed, I believe it was sent back in good order; and, truly, you walk very well with it; one would never suspect you."

"Never suspect me! I don't understand you, sir; pray, what do you suspect me of?"

"Of getting the boot on the wrong foot, for you need not think to mystify me. What! brave it out in this fashion, when you left it in my cellar last night, and I sent it to you this morning!"

"Really, Mr. Clackabout, you talk like a man who has lost his senses,"——

"Really, Mr. Bobbleton, your effrontery is too much to bear. You will make a *lame* piece of work of it, and get yourself into a *hobble*. I advise you to show a little more understanding,"—and with these punning allusions to Beau's fancied infirmity, Mr. Clackabout walked off.

Poor Bobbleton was utterly confounded, at being snubbed and brow-beaten in this incomprehensible manner.—But this was cakes and gingerbread to what happened afterwards, for the Misses Clackabouts kept the secret of Beau's wooden leg in the customary way; that is, they told it in confidence to all their acquaintance, and the consequence was, the greatest rout and stir among the [illegible] that ever was known in [illegible].

Miss Tittafitty, whom Beau had engaged to marry (being his [illegible] flame), was so shocked on hearing the intelligence, that she called for hartshorn, and vowed she would never see him again. The match was therefore broken off, for nobody could ever persuade her the story was incorrect, as she knew him to be guilty of false whiskers, and a buckram and whalebone waist, and a sham leg was a horse of the same color. Beau was obliged to put up with his ill luck, but he could never endure the sight of any thing that reminded him of a wooden leg afterwards. Even to this day, he never sees a person with a hitch in his gait without a sigh.

"*A Bear to be skinned.*"—*Davy Crocket.*

The following advertisement was discovered posted up in a public house in a certain part of the country. So precious a specimen of literature was thought worth stealing, and it was accordingly filched from the bar-room wall and sent to us for publication.

"Notice

the Subscriber Informs Commencing the Skin Dressing Bisness in the town of [illegible] Where I intends Caring it on in All its varies Branches I Also intend making Gloves and Brithes I Also wish to Purchis A Large quantity Brains of All Kinds Dried and Green which I will take in Payment I ALso will take Any kind of Produce Wheat Rye and Corn Peeks and Bakes this All Will Be Done with Punctuallyty and DispatCh"

It is to be hoped that the friendly neighbors of this ingenious clipper of skins and the King's English, immediately furnished him, according to his request, with "A Large quantity Brains," though one is apt to conclude, that this would be found a scarcer commodity in those parts than the "Peeks and Bakes."

"Even-handed justice commends the ingredients of the gooseberry pie to our own lips." We find the following interesting report of a law case in an English paper.—There is no putting one's finger in a pie without bringing the majesty of the law into exhibition.

"*The King v. Penny.* This is one of those cases which shows the absurdity of the prevailing system in the administration of the law, that of employing a most cumbrous and costly machinery to the execution of a very trifling object. The court was occupied this day for nearly two hours in the investigation of a charge—a very solemn one, indeed—namely, the stealing of a piece of gooseberry pie by an urchin of 14 years of age. The indictment went on, in its solemn strain, to set forth that Thomas Penny, late of White Parish, labourer, on the 7th of June last past, in the tenth year of our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth, with *force and arms*, at the parish aforesaid, the dwelling-house of John Batten, there situate, lying and being, feloniously did break and enter, and one piece of pudding, of the value of one penny, and one *half of a pint of gooseberries*, of the value of one penny, of the goods and chattels of the said John Batten, in the same dwelling-house, then and there feloniously did steal, take, and carry away. Such was the indictment. The boy was found *Guilty*."

GOSSIP.

A table, some eight-penny matter.—*I. Henry IV.*

Kick-Shaws. An Irishman was brought before the Police Court the other day, charged with an assault upon a brother Paddy. Jamie Shaw, the complainant, affirmed that the prisoner without any provocation but the throwing of a quid of tobacco in his face, "took and gave him a bloody basting," by divers kicks upon the shins. Jamie, however, could not make out his case, and was sent off with a flea in his ear.

Oh! what a falling off was there! At the late fire on Fort Hill, a large number of gentlemen spectators had collected on the roof of a shed near a new brick house, when the roof suddenly giving way, they were all precipitated into—not Tartarus, but a comfortable bed of fresh, soft mortar.

Club Law. There is an association called The Pumpkin Club, in the city. Their business is to eat dinners for the good of the community, and to diet themselves for [illegible]. They have a rigid law against picking the teeth, because it takes something out of the mouth.

Bell swinging. Isaac Williams, a colored gentleman, was the other day mulcted in a swinging fine for wringing the pug nose of Adam Bell, another of the sable community. The quarrel arose from a suspicion entertained by Isaac, that Adam was casting the whites of his eyes with a most sentimental squint upon a certain "coal black Rose," the flame of the aforesaid Isaac.

Strapping youth. A schoolmaster in Brookville, has been prosecuted for unmercifully flogging his pupils. It appeared in evidence, that the pedagogue was rather an obstreperous wight, and by no means one of those who are disposed to spoil the child by sparing the rod; but, as it was proved that his sole instrument of punishment was a stout leather strap, he was acquitted of all blood-thirsty designs.

Dog Cheap. The owner of a dog lately stolen in New-York, has advertised that if the thief will bring back his cellar, he may have the dog and settle the account with his conscience at leisure.

White lies. Andrew White, better known by the name of The Mohawk Doctor, affirms in a Pennsylvania paper, that he has discovered an infallible cure for old age, and that by following his prescriptions a person might live forever—barring accidents.

Foul Play. A couple of rogues committed a daring theft upon a countryman in the market the other day.—One of them contrived to amuse him by playing upon a Jew's-harp and keeping his back turned to the other, who meantime, slily abstracted two dozen of *fowls* from his wagon.

"*I Life below stairs.*"—Isaac Lib, familiarly called Uncle Ibe, a revolutionary patriot who makes brooms in Billerica, was found in the cellar of Mr. Hammond a few mornings since, lying dead drunk upon his back underneath a cider barrel, striving to catch the last drops of the liquid in his mouth. He had swallowed six gallons of cider during the night.

Tale of a Tub.—Ezra R. Tubb offers a generous reward in the Lowell Journal, for the discovery of the "blackguard who cut off his queue in the store of Thomas Haskins, on the evening of the 22d ult."

Once more up to the breach, dear friends—once more!—A Baltimore Stage Coach was upset last winter, on its way to Washington with nine insides, in the midst of a pool of mud and water, of about the consistency of hasty-pudding. As the passengers were wading towards dry land, and sinking at every step up to their middles, Conchey, whom the gods had made poetical, amused himself with repeating Henry the Fifth's pathetic exhortation, cited above,—"*Once more up to the breach, dear friends—once more!*"

Sailors at the Theatre. The other evening, part of the crew of the Brandywine attended the Park theatre, to witness the performance of a nautical ballet, got up for the occasion. The hero of the piece, Mr. Parker, was a shipwrecked sailor, who applied for rest and refreshment at a public-house, but was repulsed by the landlord, (because he had no ready rhino,) and [illegible] from the door, before which he threw himself in a paroxysm of despair. A sailor in the pit could not stand this, but immediately made his way upon the stage, evidently with the intention of interfering in behalf of his ill treated shipmate. Relief, however, was nearer at hand than he imagined, for, at the moment, a whole ships' crew entered from behind the scenes, with flying colors and bags of money, having just been paid off. The shipwrecked sailor was immediately raised from the ground, and furnished with "new rigging" by his free hearted deliverers, among whom our adventurer from the pit figured away in great style, to the no small amusement of the audience.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Brief correspondence. The following laconic correspondence, which has been handed to us for publication, is said to have occurred on Monday last. A dandy, wishing to inquire if a tailor would give him credit for a coat, wrote thus:

City Hotel, Oct. 19, 1829.

SIR—Coat on tick? Please answer. Yours, J. D.

THE REPLY.

Monday, Oct. 19, 1829.

SIR—It won't answer. Yours, C. W.

Ibid.

LONDON GOSSIP.

The Duke of Wellington was, on Thursday, observed laughing heartily at a caricature of himself, in a shop-window in Regent street.

A sportsman, the other day, standing in a field near Monk's bridge, about half a mile below Tenbury, shot out of Shropshire into Worcestershire; his bird flew about 50 yards, and dropped in Herefordshire!

Drury-lane theatre, it is said, opens with a new tragedy from the pen of Miss Mitford, the heroine of which will be personated by Miss Phillips. Young also is to sustain one of the principal characters.

Lying in Wait. On Thursday night the Dundrum party of police, searching for some fellows under a warrant of T. P. Vokes, Esq. Chief Magistrate of Police, discovered under a feather bed, on which a woman was lying, a man named William Hickey, who is charged with the murder of a man named Baregry, some time ago, near Donnebrook, for which Hickey fled at the time.

The arrival of the American frigate Constitution at Cowes has excited much interest. The vessel has been visited by a number of persons, who have experienced the most uniform attention from the officers and crew. Though one of the oldest vessels in the American service, she is a very fine one, and is stated by nautical men to present many improvements in her rigging and internal arrangements which might be introduced with advantage into our navy.

M. Champollion, speaking of the more than colossal architecture of the ancient Egyptians, says, "that their conceptions were those of men a hundred feet high."

A day or two ago the Telegraph station at Liverpool communicated to Holyhead, a distance of 150 miles, and received an answer, in 35 seconds, being the shortest time it has ever done it in.

THE DUSTMAN'S BELL.

MORNING REFLECTIONS OF A LONDON INVALID.

Bella horrida bella!

That dustman's bell! that dustman's bell!
I'm sure will be my funeral knell!
I'm very ill, and can't get well,
Because of that eternal bell.

Those tranquil hours—from six to eight—
Been gone from out the book of fate,
Within the tomb I soon shall dwell—
All owing to that dustman's bell.

And will they come when I am gone?
Or still keep ringing—ringing on?
While others hear the warning fall,
And curse its sound—that dustman's bell.

Extract from Bourrienne's Memoirs. The First Consul had a private theatre erected at Malmaison, where [illegible] were performed with more decency; and, as I am now behind the scenes, I will initiate the readers at once into the secret of our drama.

Our performers in ordinary were Eugene Beauharnois, Hortensia, Madame Murat, Lauriston, M. Didelot, one of four Prefects of the Palace, some others belonging to the household of the First Consul, and myself. As we were glad to leave the cares of Government behind at the Tuileries, we amused ourselves frequently in our colony of Malmaison; besides we were young, and youth embellishes every thing.

The pieces which the first Consul delighted most in seeing performed by us, was the *Barber of Seville*, and *Defeat and Jealous*. In the former Lauriston played the character of Count *Almaviva*; Hortensia, that of *Rosina*; Eugene, *Don Basilio*; Didelot was the barber *Figaro*; I acted the pompous *Bartolo*; and Isabey, that of *L'Eveillé*.

Hortensia played admirably; Caroline Murat, the young and pretty, did not rise above mediocrity; Lauriston was rather heavy; Didelot, passable; and, as to myself, I may say it without vanity, that I was not the worst of the company. Besides, if we were no great things, it was not for the want of drilling and of good advice. Talma and Michot made us considerably rehearse, both individually and in concert. Many were the lessons which I received from Michot in the walks of the beautiful Park of Malmaison. It was very delightful to return from the great theatre of the world where we did not sustain fictitious characters to these agreeable trifles.

Our material was exceedingly well organized. Bonaparte, the original patron of our company, had supplied us with neatly bound collections of dramatic works, and ordered rich and elegant dresses to be made for us. Bonaparte took great delight in our representations. He was fond of seeing comedies performed by individuals of his intimate acquaintance; and occasionally he even complimented us. Though these entertainments amused me as much as any one else, I was now and then obliged to observe to him that my occupations would scarcely allow me to study my character. He then assumed his coaxing mood, and said, "Come, come, you have such an excellent memory; you know this amuses me, and delights all Malmaison. Josephine, too, is fond of these theatricals—therefore, pray rise a little earlier." "Really I sleep a vast deal—don't I?"—"Pah! Bourrienne, do this much for me; you know it makes me laugh so heartily! Pray, therefore, don't deprive me of this little pleasure, for you know I have not too many of them."—"By Heaven, I shall deprive you of them; on the contrary, I shall be happy to contribute to amusement"—and, so saying, I set to, to study my character again.

Two qualities were predominant in Bonaparte—namely kindness and impatience. When the latter seized him he was no longer master of himself. I have seen remarkable instances of this. On Canova's arrival at Paris, he went to Saint Cloud to model the figure and countenance of Napoleon, for the purpose of sculpturing a colossal statue of him. This grand artist came frequently in the hope of making him sit for his model; but this worried Bonaparte to such a degree that his disgust and impatience would but rarely allow him to sit, and then only for a very short time. The resemblance has suffered by it. However, he had the greatest regard for Canova; and every time he was announced the First Consul sent me to bear him company until he could give him a sitting. He shrugged his shoulders. "What! sit again! Good God! how tiresome!" Canova expressed much regret and displeasure to me because he could not study his model as he wished to have done; and Bonaparte's lukewarmness cooled his imagination. Every one agreed that Canova had not succeeded; and this is the cause. This Colossal statue is now in possession of Lord Wellington. Such is its elevation, that, as Lord Byron said, seen from behind, the middle part of Napoleon's body is exactly level with the height of the Duke of Wellington.

Masonic Calendar.

COMMUNICATIONS NEXT WEEK.

Union,	Nantucket,	Monday.		
St John's	Boston,	Tuesday		
[illegible]	Salem,	"		
St. Mark's,	Newburyport,	"		
Tyrian,	[illegible]	"		
Ancient Landmark,	Portland,	Wednesday		
Philanthropic,	Marblehead,	Wednesday		
St. Albans,	Wrentham,	"		
Jordan,	Danvers,	"		
Saco,	Saco,	"		
Harmony,	Northfield,	"		
Mount Hermon,	Medford,	"		
Norfolk Union,	Randolph,	"		
Columbian,	Boston,	Thursday		
Hiram,	Lexington,	Thursday		
Merrimack,	Haverhill,	"		
Mount Moriah,	South Reading,	"		
Constellation,	Dedham,	"		
Pentucket,	Chelmsford,	"		
Rising Star,	Stoughton,	"		
Washington,	Roxbury,	"		
Meridian,	Needham,	Friday		
Old Colony,	Hingham,	"		
Franklin,	Greenfield,	Wednesday		
Washington, R. A.	Salem,	Thursday		

Marriages.

In this city, Moses Ingalls to Elizabeth G. Mansfield, formerly of [illegible].

Enoch W. Perry to Hannah Dale.

William O. Blake, printer, formerly of Exeter, N. H. to Abigail Smith.

Abel Wyman, merchant, of Philadelphia to Martha Pierce, of Milton.

On Sunday evening, Andrew Johnson to Clarinda Dow, of China, Me.

Benjamin Clapp to Elizabeth Towle.

John Colby, formerly of Thornton, to Nancy Tuck, of Hampton, N. H.

In Charlestown, Joseph J. W. Hiles, of Boston, printer, to Mary P. Read.

In Lowell, John M. Stephenson to Mrs. Jane Robinson.

In Lancaster, Sidney Harris to Sally Kilburn; Ira Sessons to Lois Clarke.

In Lunenburg, Merrick Wetherbee to Priscilla Robbins.

In Groton, Abel B. Bixon to Miriam Wright.

In Grafton, Josiah H. Hammond to Anna C. Warren.

In Newburyport, Samuel Wheeler, Jr. to Mary Jane Carey, of Boston; David W. Hunt to Elizabeth S. Brackett; Oliver Sawyer, of Cavendish, Vt. to Elizabeth Ross.

In Brookfield, Benjamin T. Emery of Bath, to Mary Ann, daughter of Benjamin Leavitt, Esq.

In Cohasset, Capt. Martin Nichols to Mary Whittington.

In Pittsfield, Mons. David Ashley, Esq. of Goshen, Ohio, to Mrs. Sylvia Fenner.

In Portland, Jonathan Jordan to Deborah Coad.

In Bath, Samuel Andrews, Jr. to Susan Willis, of Portland.

In Thomaston, Paul Bradford to Mary E. Adams.

In Pawtucket, Lewis Gardner, of Dedham, to Mary C. Whitmarsh, of Providence.

In New York, Samuel L. Hunt, of Boston, to Helen Maria Mollan, of N. Y.

Deaths.

In this city, Henry S. Spear, aged 22.

Mary H. Parker, 4; Joanna Jeffs, 41.

Ruth Hunt, 32; Catharine Fleming, 54.

Mary F. Woolleigh, 12; Elizabeth Nickels, 19.

On Friday, Caroline Elizabeth, infant daughter of of James B. [illegible], aged 2 years and 4 mos.

On Sunday, John C. Jones, Esq. aged 59, for many years an eminent merchant of this city.

On Friday, Mrs. Martha Swan, aged 74.

On Friday, Mary Ann M. second daughter of William and Jane Loring, aged 19.

In the death of this young lady, her parents have been most deeply afflicted—for she was to them the source of pride and comfort. [illegible]. She had been many weeks declining, and was induced to take the country air, for restoration to health; without any beneficial effect. Possessing an amiable disposition, [illegible] and benevolence of heart, as well as the many virtues which adorn the female character, she will long live in the remembrance of many who were her intimate associates.

In Charlestown, Hannah, wife of Elisha Gamion, formerly of Danvers, aged 29 years.

Mary, daughter of the late Major Paul, Framingham, aged 69.

New Watts Hill, Charlestown, [illegible] engaged in blasting a rock,] Isaac Avery, of Gilmanton, N. H. aged 24.

In East Cambridge, Charlotte Elizabeth, daughter of Geo. and Louisa Lincoln, aged 2 years and 2 mos.

In Dedham, Nathaniel Talbot, aged 31.

In Newton, Deborah W. wife of Lewis Winslow aged 22.

In Lynn, widow Hannah Tucker, aged 86 years, formerly of Marblehead.

In Salem, Joshua Pearce, aged 26.

In Marblehead, Ruth, wife of Samuel Knight, Esq. aged 54.

In Beverly, Betsey, wife of Amos Pike, aged 72.

In Dover, Joseph Wood, aged 22.

In Milford, Capt. Aaron Thayer, aged 72.

In Bayside, Mrs. Rebecca Hall, aged 72.

In Groton, Hon. James Prescott, formerly Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for Middlesex County, and more recently Judge of Probate.

In Hadley, John Burbank, aged 86.

In Northampton, Timothy Greene, aged 48.

Mary, daughter of Rev. John Wheeler, of Windsor, Vermont, aged 18 years.

In Nantucket, Mrs. Lydia Brown, aged 77.

Lucena, widow of the late Capt. Peter C. Chase, aged 48.

In Pelham, Paul Thompson, aged 32—he was thrown out of a wagon.

In Keene, N. H. Daniel Ingersoll, Esq. formerly of this city, aged 78—an officer in the revolution.

In Portland, Miss Nancy Moore, aged 17.

Caroline, eldest daughter of Edward Hoyt, aged 20.

Saml Colesworthy, aged 70 years.

In Warren, Mr. Isaiah Moore, aged 83.

In Augusta, Me. Hon. James Page, aged 84, and Dorothy, his wife, aged 80. They were both buried in one grave.

In Providence, Joseph D. Godbury, Preceptor of the Fifth District Public School, aged 38.

In New York, in the 66th year of his age, Rev. William Harris, D. D. President of Columbia College.

Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, aged 60 years.

In Forsyth, Geo. John Hitchcock, aged 68, a native of Plainfield, N. H.

In New Orleans, Henry Ravenscroft, late of Charlestown.

District of Massachusetts, to wit:—District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the seventeenth day of October, A. D. 1829, in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, Carter & Hendee, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The Little Philosopher, or the Infant School at Home. No. 2. By Jacob Abbott."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the Authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching historical and other Prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

oct 30

SALES AT AUCTION.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow) at 9 o'clock,
At Cunningham's Auction Room.

A variety of good Furniture, among which are a handsome Mahogany [illegible]; Mahogany do.; pair of Mahogany Card Tables; Sofa; Secretary and common Chairs; Mahogany Book Case and Secretary, with [illegible]; Brass Fire Sets; Looking Glasses; and an assortment of [illegible] Ware; Glass and Crockery do.; Bedsteads; 1 [illegible]; Blankets and Counterpanes; Table Tables; [illegible], with a variety of Kitchen Furniture, &c.

—At 11 o'clock—

A handsome Cabinet Piano Forte, made by Babcock, in good order.

J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Auctioneer.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow,) at 1 o'clock,
In front of Cunningham's Auction Room, corner of Milk and Federal streets.

A pair of Coach Horses, warranted sound, have been in the use of private gentlemen.

A bay Horse, good in saddle and chaise, 8 years old, warranted sound.

A good Horse for cart-pull or team, strong and warranted sound.

One Carriage and Harnesses.

A second hand Carryall. The above may be seen at J. Stearns's stable, North Russell street.

Also, an excellent custom built Chaise, closet color, nearly new, having been used only about three months.

A new Chaise Harness.

J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Auctioneer.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow,) at 9 o'clock,
At Dorr & Allen's Auction Room, corner of Milk and Congress streets.

The usual variety of Household Furniture, Carpets, Looking Glasses, Glass and Crockery Ware, Chairs, Fire Sets, elegant Bureau, highly polished; carved high post Bedstead, [illegible], [illegible], & do. mirror frame.

At 11 o'clock.

15 elegant German dressing Cases and ladies' Work Boxes, furnished with implements; 1 heavy jewelled Gold Watch; a number of Silver do.

1 case, containing 30 dozen Phosphorus Lights, in lots.

At 11 1-2 o'clock.

A number of Stoves, variety of patterns; 1 Counting Room Table; Child's Wagon.

At 12 o'clock.

A variety of Woollen and Cotton Clothing and Drop Coats; Camlet and Plaid Cloaks; Wrappers; Ladies' do; Pantaloons; Vests; variety of Dry Goods, &c.

DORR & ALLEN, Auctioneers.

On MONDAY, Nov. 2d, at 12 o'clock,
—On the Premises—

Will be sold without reserve, a certain lot of Land measuring 39 feet on Brighton street, is 57 feet deep and contains in all 2224 square feet.

For further particulars apply to E. H. Derby, Esq. Court street, or to the auctioneers. DORR & ALLEN, Auctioneers.

THE TOKEN, FOR 1830. Just published by the subscribers. The following is a list of the engravings.

Vignette Title, drawn for the work, by Inman, engraved by Cheney.

The Rescued Bride, painted for the publishers by Inman, engraved by Hatch.

Chocorua's Curse, painted for the publishers, by Cole, engraved by Hatch.

Banks of the Juniata, painted for the publishers, by Doughty, engraved by [illegible].

The Greek Lovers, painted for the publishers, by Weir, engraved by Durand.

Sybil, from a painting in possession of Dr. Henry.

[illegible], engraved by Cheney.

Grandfather's Hobby, after G. S. Newton, from a painting belonging to J. Fullerton, Esq. [illegible], engraved by [illegible].

[illegible], engraved by [illegible].

Lost Children, [illegible], engraved by Cheney.

[illegible], engraved by Ellis.

[illegible].

Portrait of J. G. C. Brainard, painted for the publishers, by Tisdale, engraved by Longacre.

Greenleaf, A. E. Sullivan, engraved by Andrews.

[illegible] of useful and entertaining articles, and is elegantly [illegible] binding will be warranted by the publishers.

CARTER & HENDEE,
oct 30 Corner of Washington and School streets.

LECTURES on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews. By Robert Lowth, D. D. Lord Bishop of London. Translated from the Original Latin, by G. Gregory, F. A. S. A new edition with Notes, by Calvin E. Stowe, A. M. Instructor in [illegible]. Just received by CARTER & HENDEE. oct 30

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER, or the Infant School at Home. No. 2, by Jacob Abbott. Just published by CARTER & HENDEE. oct 30

OLD NEWSPAPERS. A few hundred are for sale at this Office. oct 30

TREMONT HOUSE. This Establishment was opened for the reception of company Thursday, the 16th of October.

[illegible]

oct 30 DWIGHT BOYDEN.

REMOVAL.—Stock of Linen Goods. [illegible] BENJAMIN JACOBS, [illegible] No. 44 Washington street, north of [illegible].

[illegible]

PONCHE A LA ROMAINE. Jean Carnes has the pleasure of informing the public that he prepares Ponche à la Romaine, or Roman Punch.

This article is now introduced all over Europe, and is considered superior to any other mixture or combination made under the name of Punch.

For its excellency he refers to gentlemen who have lately been in Europe.

It is a very convenient article for Families as well as for Public Houses, and should constitute a regular thing among the Stores.

It improves by age and will keep in any climate.

For drinking it is mixed in proportion of one part to three parts water, either hot or cold.

It is ready for sale by LEMUEL BLAKE, [illegible].

[illegible]

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY. ABONIS HOWARD has opened a Circulating Library in School street, near Washington street. [illegible]

[illegible]

Boston, October 30, 1829.

BOARDERS WANTED. [illegible]

THIS DAY published by Charles Bowen, [illegible]

[illegible]

WILLARD PHILLIPS has removed his office to [illegible]

Miscellaneous.

THE DUEL.

'There!' said Du Coudray, stopping as he uttered one leg but, 'there, monsieur, is our chamnante, les fleurets, voilà!' laying two pair of glittering foils upon the table—'so much excellente.'

Archibald took up one; and, putting his finger upon the button, asked, why he brought two pair?

'O, mon dieu! pardonnez, il nous faut plus que deux.'

'Very well—come monsieur, lead on; come brother—come Arthur; all ready monsieur.'

'Oui, tout, il—est pari,' said the Frenchman, leading us to the northern bowstwork, and parapet. 'Stirling!' cried he, facing the sentinel—who stopped, brought his firelock smartly to a present, and then continued his walk.

We soon came to a place that had evidently been prepared for the occasion; the snow was levelled, and covered with new dust, all about—and, in the centre, trodden as smooth and level, as the platform, over which we had passed; Clinton's friends were already on the ground, with countenances that looked very little like play.

'I don't much like that man,' said Arthur; 'look to your arms.'

I turned in the direction of his eyes, and saw a thin spare man, with very black eyes, scowling at us; his cocked hat pushed on one side, as if in defiance, so as to reveal two very deep scars upon his forehead; and his hand resting upon the hilt of a horseman's sword, almost as tall as Archibald.

Monsieur Du Coudray seemed, by a sort of tacit acquiescence, or rather invitation to be invested with the rank of marshal for the occasion; and, no light honor did he appear to esteem it; for he gave his orders with the peremptory air of a field marshal; arranged the marks, crossed the foils, and posted the spectators, like one experienced in all matters of ceremony.

Clinton's eyes were insufferably haughty; and I could see, by his coat, disposess myself of a belief, that he had come prepared for something serious; yet there was a bitter pleasantry in some of his jibes, and a sarcastic keen irony of tone, that betokened the most perfect self-possession all the while; but nowhere so the sequel.

Archibald took his position; both had taken off their boots and coats, and were standing in their slippers; when Clinton, casting his eyes on the tall, black eyed man, of whom I had just spoken, seemed to request his interference.

He stepped forward, insolently enough, in front of Archibald; and, with a sneer, which caused Archibald's forehead to contract, and his lip to writhe, asked him if he had any disposition to take the 'worst' first.

Du Coudray smiled, while his dark eyes flashed fire at the interference; and he remarked, with a shrug, that, in France, that was the *last* resource: 'après qu'on a tiré—absolument la dernier.'

The stranger seemed exceedingly disposed to quarrel; and I was just on the point of tapping him on the shoulder, when Arthur walked up to him, and looking him full in the face, begged to know, what business he had to interfere.

The other stepped back, and struck the hilt of his sabre.

Arthur smiled, folded his arms, and measured him from head to foot. 'Sir,' said he, 'I see that you are disposed to quarrel. There shall be no quarrelling here; till this affair is settled; after that, if you are troublesome—aye, or any of you, I shall take you in hand.'

The other coolly unbuckled his hanger, and made a motion for Arthur to follow him.

But ere the motion was complete, Archibald, Du Coudray, myself, Clinton, and two others, stood, sword in hand, and almost foot to foot.

'Stop,' said Archibald, 'stop! if you have a notion of fighting, we are ready to indulge you. If trusty sword, let us mount our horses, and do the thing handsomely; if small sword, one at a time will be the pleasantest; and I—I will fight the whole of you, one after the other with pleasure.'

Clinton interfered, however, at once—resolutely, and, with an air of command that soon brought these mutinous gentry to their senses; and the foils were soon after measured—the salute gone through with and they began to play.

Not a breath could be heard; the Frenchman stood, like some one contemplating a game for his own life—his eager eyes streaming with fire.

'Ah, a fil!' said the tall stranger. Du Coudray shrugged his shoulders—'oui, foiblet!'

'Another, another?' said the stranger; 'no!' said Archibald, calmly, 'no, the first was a fair hit; the second, only a touch in the sword arm—and the third, no hit at all, though a very hazardous experiment.'

'How hazardous?' said Clinton, sharply; 'so hazardous,' answered Archibald, in a low, deliberate voice, 'that I could parry and hit you every time, that you should do it.'

'Damn — a ——,' said Clinton, getting warm, yet ashamed to own it; 'let us try again.'

'No, pardon me—that would not be a fair game for you; but I give you leave to do it, whenever you please, without notice.'

They began to play again.

'There! that I suppose you no hit?' said Clinton, peevishly.

'It certainly was not,' said Archibald. 'Block the foils,' said Clinton, flinging his, to one of the officers, with an angry expression of contempt.

I looked at Archibald; his attitude was singularly composed and graceful—the muscles of his arm, the sleeve of which was rolled up, showing spirtedly, as he continued guarding upon his foil; I never saw such an arm, it was a limb of knotted serpents.

But Du Coudray could not restrain his impatience—his looked vexed, mortified, beyond all expression.

The foils were blunted; and, I observed that the feet of Clinton and Archibald, as they came upon ground, accented with a more than common emphasis; their eyes, too, were fiercer than when they began.

Clinton pressed him hotly, and the play was becoming far more than in earnest; when suddenly, Clinton felt the point of his blunt foil Archibald was bare, every muscle quivering.

'I put you off the ground, sir,' said he.

'No, sir,' said Du Coudray, frowning him fiercely; 'no foul play—remain, I beg you sir, and strike me—pardon, monsieur.'

Clinton was not quick to take offence; but Archibald remarked, with a tone of hostile kindness, that he did not intend to disturb him.

'To be sure,' said Clinton, laughing, but very bitterly; 'nothing that invention could devise can hurt. You smile, sir—what do you mean by it?'

'Do you insist on knowing?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Why, Sir, I can disarm you as fast as you can pick up your foil, if you will only favour me—unless you have a bridle in your glove.'

(This was said with marked emphasis;—and Clinton turned pale, but did not reply.)

'Or wrap a pocket handkerchief about the guard.' Du Coudray came to me—rubbing his hands; and telling me, as well as he could, that now, he understood it all; that Clinton could not have held his sword a moment, unless he had a bridle in his palm, and that now we should see some sport.

Another round followed, with great spirit, and Archibald was hit—acknowledged it, by passing his hand upon his left side; but, before I could wink, he had returned it. And so it continued for several minutes, until the sweat streamed from both their faces—Archibald uniformly returning the hit, instantly, after receiving it, while Du Coudray could not stand still, for his life.

'Two and two,' said Du Coudray.

'No,' said the stranger—'three to two.'

Archibald smiled; stepped back, and as Clinton followed, lunged and hit him.

Du Coudray clapped his hands—'*trois to trois, now sair!* I suppose?' said he.

I wondered at Archibald's coolness and self-possession: it seemed impossible that he could look so, unless sure of his superiority, and yet—where was it?

'You smile,' said Clinton—'my attitude does not please you?'

'No,' Archibald replied. 'You are a little careless. You don't come upon guard after lunging.'

'And what else?' said Clinton, with a sneer.

'Several things, Sir—' said Archibald, beginning to pull off his gloves, and look about for his coat.

'Stop, Sir,' said the imperious Colonel—'stop! I have not done with you yet. I cannot let you escape thus.'

'*Encore belle!*' said Du Coudray, handing Archibald the foil.

'Colonel Clinton'—said Archibald. 'You are mistaken. You cannot beat me. I am more than a match for you.'

The Colonel stamped with vexation, and yet, there was, at the same time, a pleasant expression in his countenance, as he turned toward the tall man, and wiped the dust from his foil.

'But you were pleased to tell me'—said Clinton—irunically—'of some faults that I had fallen into—I should be proud of any further information, from a *master*.'

Archibald with the most innocent face in the world, just as if he took it all in downright earnest—replied—'Colonel Clinton has been out of play too long. You hold your arm too high. I could give you the *quarte* hit whenever I pleased. When you *coupez* too, *quadre* and *tierce*, you are too low; you never press on my sword first—and do it so widely, that I should be sure to hit you, if I lunged straight forward. You hold your hand too low for the *circle*—and *double*,—and you *degage* like a school boy.'

'Hell and the devil!' cried Clinton—'what do you take me for?'

'A fifth rate player,' said Archibald, patiently—Clinton struck at him—and as Archibald caught the blow—came upon guard, and then lunged furiously, several times.

'The button is off!' cried Arthur—'stop, stop.'

'The button is off!'

'Never mind,' said Archibald—disarming Clinton again, while Du Coudray picked up the foil.

'It is broken,' said Arthur.

'Never mind; it is all the same to me,' said Archibald, in a tone of stinging sarcasm—'and if I mistake not, much the same to Colonel Clinton.'

Clinton could bear it no longer—he foamed at the mouth—his forehead turned red as blood, and he was hoarse with passion.

'You think that you can hit me?' said he—fiercely.

'Yes—a hundred times running'—was the reply.

'Break the button off your foil, if you dare, then.'

'Are you serious?'

'Perfectly,' said Clinton, aiming a blow at him, (not with the point,) that Archibald caught like lightning.

'With all my heart then'—said he stepping back—'brother, stand back—Arthur stand back—Du Coudray take your stand with them—hand to hilt; let no man interfere; for, by the living God! (snapping off the button, as he spoke)—I'll not spare my own brother if he cross me now.—You know I have forborne till human patience could forbear no longer.'

We ranged ourselves immediately, with flashing eyes, opposite the three strangers; Arthur, I observed, as he drew his sword, planting himself, face to face, with the black-eyed one——I expected to see blood spilt—other blood than Archibald's—a single word would have sent us to the encounter.'

Clinton and Archibald stood eyeing each other, and feeling their points.

The stranger took out a couple of files from his pocket, and offered to sharpen them.

Du Coudray glanced at my brother, significantly, who immediately threw his foil to the wretch, for the purpose—and observed, taking up the buttons, and seeing how near to the point they had been broken off—'that there had been some delicate management there—I observed a little of it—did you file them Du Coudray?'

'No,'—he replied—taking one of them. On examining, we found that the point had been filed down, so that they could not but break. He blushed about as far explanation; but my brother smiled darkly, and bade him beware, however, how he lent the foils. The rush now broke upon us. It was a premeditated plan. The gallant Frenchman had there made the instrument of a fiendly proposition;—the foils had been borrowed by some of Clinton's friends, and filed, so that a child might be despite, to the best of fencing, under pretence of accidence. The whole mystery was then explained—and when the mortal combatants came again, for the last time, I felt my blood run cold.

They crossed their swords—and then, as if each had a battle to try in kindness, in the solemnity the memory of past hours—the same love—the same kindness—the——before they drove at each other's hearts—they both spoke.

'Archibald!'

'Clinton!'

'I owe you no hatred,' said Clinton—'but it is too late. Are you prepared?'

'Fully—but stop a moment. If you play as badly now, as you did before we broke the buttons off—I foresee that it will be fatal to you. I do not want to run you through—but I shall do it. Nay, do not be impatient—suppose you wrap a handkerchief round your guard.'

Clinton's nostrils dilated with scorn.

'Come on!' said he, 'come on!' advancing with an incessant motion. Away went his sword—but as Archibald did not follow him up, he recovered it again, and came upon guard, in a masterly style—so masterly, that Archibald's eyes sparkled with pleasure. They resumed the combat, and Clinton's sword entered Archibald's much, when, it appeared to me that, if he had straightened his arm, he would have run Clinton through the body.

'That was awkwardly done,' said Archibald dropping the point, and stepping back—after Clinton withdrew his; and the blood spouted out, as if an artery had been wounded. 'You were entirely at my mercy—I—you had better stop.'

Whether it was the sight of his own blood, or the sense of his danger that did it, I know not, but his voice and look were terrible, as he uttered the words, in a low murmuring voice—'*you had better stop.*'

'Stop,' cried Clinton—with a scornful bitterness—as if Archibald had been crying for mercy. 'Mistaken man.' He pressed upon upon him again, but Archibald continued for several minutes, as it appeared to me, to parry his thrusts with consummate dexterity—returning none—and not even making a repose, in which Du Coudray had often said that he was unrivalled for his quickness and brilliancy—until both dropped their foils again—and stood panting, as if their veins would burst, the sweat running from their foreheads, and their hair wringing wet, though it was an exceedingly cold day.

'Now then!' said Clinton—approaching Archibald again, with a mortal paleness about the lips—'now then for the *last* round!'

'The *last!*' said Archibald, retreating—with a fixed eye—while Du Coudray could not forbear watching every movement of his arm—Clinton rushed upon him—and played his weapon with an incessant flash—and then there was a word or two passed between them—a pause—and the name of Lucia Arnauld was pronounced by Clinton, I believe, with some other word, I know not what—but Archibald leaped from the ground, as if wounded—saying, in a voice, that went through and through me.

'*Your blood be upon your own head!*'

It was but a word and a blow—a death blow—for Archibald sprang from the ground—their blades flashed fire, and rung—the guards struck—Clinton's flew twenty feet high in the air—breaking into several pieces, and Archibald's hilt sounded upon his breast. Clinton threw up his arms, the sword snapped in his body, and he fell dead upon the spot.

* * * * *

For a moment, there was silence like that of the grave. Not a motion nor a breath was heard.—We stood appalled and thunder struck, at the suddenness of the catastrophe—but, the next moment, a loud, deep sob came from the body—it shuddered—rolled over, with its mouth full of blood and raw dust—the face upward—and never stirred again.—*Revolutionary Tales.*

THE INTERLUDES OF THE EARLY SPANISH THEATRE.

The old Spanish interludes seldom exceed one act; in a dramatic point of view they differ widely from the comedies (properly so called,) possessing neither their beauties nor blemishes. The chief intent of the writers seems to have been to rouse and exhilerate the spectators, whose attention had been fatigued by the long, declamatory, and often-times half-devout comedies of the great masters. For this purpose it was more necessary to strike strongly than justly, and consequently coarse humor and farcical buffoonry were scattered through these pieces with no sparing hand.—Thence it is that many of them have scarcely any other merit than that of producing a broad grin. The plot is generally extremely simple, and the dialogue rapid and abrupt, forming a remarkable contrast with the complicated intrigues, and interminable monologues of the more regular dramas. If the Spanish comedies have been sometimes termed dramatized novels or romances, the interludes may be called anecdotes thrown into action. It is, therefore, useless to seek for either poetry or beauty of style in them, their chief merit being the comic idea upon which they are founded. Some of them exhibit a wild and reckless jollity, from which we may judge of the frank and unrestrained joyousness of the old Spanish character, before bigotry and the Inquisition had rendered hypocrisy a duty, and thrown a deep and sombre tint over the manners of the people. It must, however, be confessed, that the farcical humor of some of these interludes is pushed to grossness, so much so, that it appears not a little astonishing that a devout government should have tolerated a public exhibition of such excesses. We can only suppose that they considered the piety with which some of the more regular comedies were seasoned, as a sufficient antidote to the licentiousness of the interludes. Lopez de Vega has not disdained (at least in the beginning of his dramatic career) to exercise his genius in the invention of these minor pieces: there are several to be found in the first volumes of his dramatic works; but the last volumes are entirely free from them, owing probably to his having considered such compositions incompatible with his character as an ecclesiastic. I shall here give an account of a few of these popular farces: they may be valuable as presenting a fresher and more faithful picture of the manners and amusements of the lower classes of society, at the period in which they belong, than the more elaborate, artificial, and embellished sketches exhibited in the higher dramatic writings of the time.

In the old popular exercises of most countries, there is to be found one of a species, which, not willing to obey the commands of the husband, proceeds on the direct, and yields not until he is on the point of being buried. The trait of Spanish chivalry forms the subject of an old Spanish appendage, entitled *Las Mocedades de The Cid.*" The obstinate couple are called Bendito and Mergo: the scene is in a village. Bendito wishes to have some fried eggs for breakfast, but his wife refuses to fry them, as she is occupied in preparing a dress in which she is to appear at the procession of Corpus Christi, which is to take place the next morning at Seville. Bendito, nevertheless, persists in his intention of breakfasting upon fried eggs.—Mergo. "But I shan't fry any for you." Bendito, threatening to strike her. "Will you fry them?" Mergo. "No, I shan't fry them." Bendito. "I insist upon it." At this critical moment a neighbor enters, and endeavors to put an end to the dispute, by offering to fry the eggs for Bendito; but the foolish husband will not allow any one but his wife to cook the eggs, and upon her still refusing, he proceeds to lay violent hands upon her: they are separated, and Mergo escapes from the house. One of the neighbors reproaches Bendito with his brutality. "Fye, gossip," he says to him, "what a man you are! a box with the right hand, and another with the left, might have passed, but thus to continue beating your wife is not creditable:" he concludes by inviting him and his wife to breakfast. They depart together. The scene then changes to the interior of the church opposite the door of the sacristy. The curate calls the sacristan, who enters half-dressed in his ecclesiastical robes: they rehearse the ceremony of the *Fête Dieu*; that is, they execute a chorus and dance in honor of the holy sacrament. They are interrupted by a knocking at the door, and a villager called Llorente rushes in to say that Mergo is at the point of death, in consequence of the ill treatment of her husband. They were both at table with Llorente, when the wife, all of a sudden, took it into her head not to eat of the eggs that were prepared for breakfast. The husband put a plate of them before her, and said "You shall eat them." Mergo. "I will not eat them." Bendito. "By G— you shall eat them." On hearing which, the wife, without further ceremony, took the plate and dashed it on the ground. The husband became furious, and re-commenced beating his wife, who cried out so bravely, that she drew a crowd round the house; but Bendito still continued to beat her, swearing that she should eat them, or he would kill her.—Mergo then exclaimed, that she was dying, and Llorente came off for the priest and the doctor.—The scene again changes, or rather it is supposed to change, for in those times there was but one decoration, which remained during the entire representation. We are now in Mergo's bedchamber: the doctor arrives, feels the pulse of the castigated wife, and prescribes her a dose of fresh eggs! a singular remedy certainly for black eyes and bruises; but the author had need of the eggs, and the audiences of those days were not very fastidious, provided they were made to laugh.—"At present," says Bendito, "my wife will not refuse to eat the eggs." "Yes, but I will," replies Mergo; "eat them I will not." Bendito again falls to beating her, saying, "The doctor orders you." One of the by-standers interposes, and says, "She will eat them, if I offer them to her." Mergo. "No, if the devil should offer them to me, I should not eat them." The husband quits the room; and Mergo says to one of her female neighbors, "I shall pretend to be dead, and I hope that when my husband sees me borne out to be buried, he will repent of his obstinacy. The expedient is approved of, and Mergo affects to be dead. The neighbor utters a cry of distress, which brings in the husband.—Bendito. "What's the matter?"—"Your wife is dead."—"And the eggs, has she eaten them?"—"No, she refused to the last moment."—Bendito (aside.) "She pretends to be dead, in order not to eat them; (aloud) I must go out, and prepare her funeral." he goes out. The neighbor. "Oh God! he is gone for the priest and the bearers." Mergo. "No matter, let him do so." The sacristan and the priests in their surplices arrive, followed by Bendito in mourning, and the musicians. Whilst they are singing a requiescat, Bendito approaches his wife with an egg in his hand, and says in a whisper to her, "Will you eat it?" To which she replies, "No, I will allow myself to be buried first."—They repeat the prayers for the dead, and at the word *Amen*, Bendito reiterates his demand—"Will you eat it?" "No." The sacristan orders the bearers to lift up the body; the priests and musicians recommence chanting, and the procession sets forward; when on a sudden, Mergo starts up and cries, "Stop, stop, I'll eat the eggs." The priests, the sacristan, the musicians, and the crowd, all scamper away in a panic, making the sign of the cross, and crying, "Oh Jesus, save us!" Bendito goes up to his wife, and says, "Will you eat the eggs?"—"Oh yes, yes, yes." "How many?"—"A whole basket full, if you require it."——Certainly, there is more of puerility than art in this manner of treating a dramatic subject; yet it cannot be altogether denied, but that the predominant idea is a comic one, and which, if managed with more skill and tact, might even at the present day be made eminently pleasant upon the stage.

Las Cuevas, "The Cradle," is an interlude of a still ruder description; it is such a farce as Thespis might be supposed to have represented on his waggon before the Grecian populace. There are but four characters in it—a farmer, his female servant, a peasant in his service, and a sacristan.—The farmer having learned that the peasant has debauched his servant maid, wishes to have them married, to avoid scandal in the village; for which purpose he goes to the curate: while he is away, the sacristan enters, and says to the peasant, "Ah, it is reported in the village that Theresa is with child by you. What abominable sacrilege! take care that the vengeance of God does not fall upon you, and that in going to Theresa the devil does not run away with you. But tell me, how do you contrive to get into her chamber?" The peasant. "Oh, good Lord! you are right, I must leave off this wicked conduct. You wish to know how I contrive to have a meeting with Theresa:—well, I bark outside the house like a dog; Theresa recognises me by this signal, and opens the door." After this dialogue the peasant goes out; the sacristan congratulates himself on having learned the signal, and prepares to make use of it. The scene changes, or is supposed to change, to Theresa's room, in a corner of which is a cradle. The barking of a dog is heard. Theresa exclaims, "Oh, God! here is Paul coming;" she opens the door and the sacristan stands before her. "Jesus Mary! what has brought you here?" "Throw your arms down child, don't be alarmed." He assures her, "here is my husband:" she opens the door, the peasant enters, and the sacristan begins to look at him. The peasant. "What, you son of a b——! I have caught you at last, and you now shall be hung." Theresa. "Oh, what is the meaning of all this? Why do you maltreat gentlemen in your house? Get away: instead of marrying you, I will cu-

NEWELL'S IMPROVED ALMANAC
PARTRIDGE'S BEAVER HATS
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FOR SALE
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